



THE STUDENT'S PEN

JANUARY, 1931

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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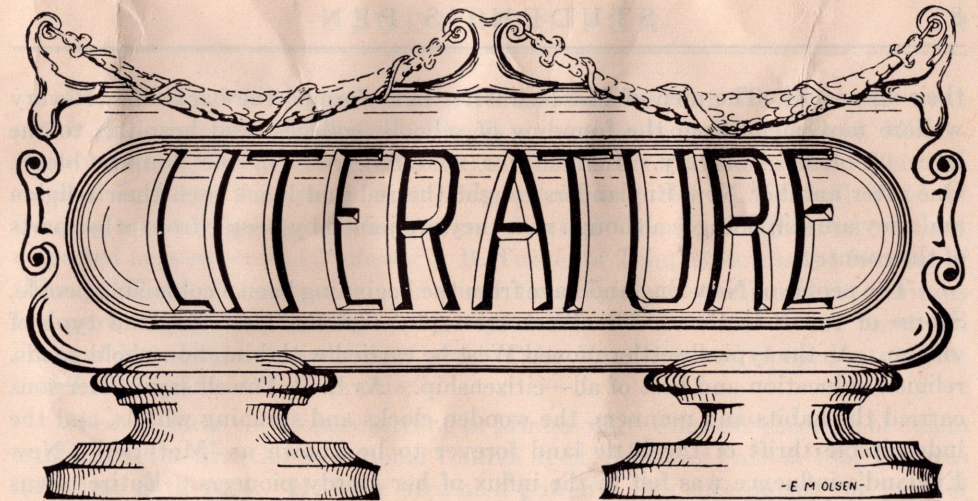




To our adviser

Miss Isabel V. Power

We, the January Class of 1931, dedicate this issue of the Student's Pen in grateful recognition of her service and friendship in guiding us through our high school days.



A Farewell

GRADUATION time has once more rolled around to take its semi-annual class of passengers into the business world or the nation's higher institutions of learning. As we have seen the happy Senior A's enjoying their activities during their last few high school days, we must realize that they have completed three years' work which, as yet, is not one of our accomplishments.

But we shall retain many pleasant reminiscences of the deeds which have distinguished the class. Its departure means the loss of several brilliant scholars, athletes, orators, journalists, musicians and even a few who were compelled to visit the office more than the usual number of times.

We, the undergraduates, shall be rooting for these one hundred while they are striving to attain their goal.

This issue of *The Student's Pen* is the class book of the graduates of February '31. The ensuing pages contain the articles written by selected members of the class. Who knows how much this issue may be treasured in years to come by the latest proud possessors of diplomas?

The Student's Pen most heartily congratulates the graduates and extends its best wishes.

The Editor.

What Massachusetts Has Contributed to the Opening and Building of the West

Maplewood Prize Essay

THE Pilgrim spirit has reproduced itself all the way from Massachusetts Bay to the Golden Gate. It has helped to unite in high aims people of widely different histories and languages, as they have together laid foundations in new lands for this rapidly growing republic."

Ever since the Pilgrims landed on "the stern and rockbound coast" of New England, seeking freedom in religion, and the advantages they could obtain in this country, the westward movement has been encouraged. The Pilgrims wished to better their lot, material and spiritual, and this desire passed down to

their successors. The men of Massachusetts have formed the backbone of every welfare movement from the founding of schools, colleges, and hospitals to the later problem of slavery. Instinct for meddling runs in the Yankee blood. One after another New Englanders taught the red and black men their religion and they are still doing it although now they are joined by people from other parts of the country.

The people of New England have from the beginning been a colonizing people. Scores of towns in the middle West are replicas of the New England type of village. As the typical settler moved West he carried with him, household goods, religion, education and best of all—citizenship. As E. P. Powell says, "Her sons carried the habits and manners, the wooden clocks and spinning wheels, and the indomitable thrift of the little land forever to be known as 'Mother'." New England's influence was felt in the influx of her sturdy pioneers. Entire towns moved at times and in the settling of these towns, our own state, Massachusetts, had a large part.

The first westward movement was naturally toward a neighboring state. Therefore, the first settlements were in New York State. Lafayette was founded in 1804 by people from Berkshire and Hampshire Counties. Martha's Vineyard also sent thirty fishermen, at this time, who settled in the vicinity of Lafayette. Through the ordinance of 1787, the Northwest Territory became organized and settlers pushed beyond New York and into Ohio. Nathan Dane of Beverly, Massachusetts, who was a delegate to Congress at the time, presented this ordinance; and the Reverend Manesseh Cutler, D.D. from Ipswich, probably drafted it or at least helped to determine the form of this important doctrine. The actual settling of Ohio began in 1788 when General Israel Putnam of Rutland, Massachusetts, founded Marietta at the head of the Muskingum and Ohio rivers. General Putnam brought with him his ideas of higher education and a little later Marietta College was started. Huntsburg, Ohio, was started by a Stephen Pomeroy, who in 1808, brought his family from Northampton. Granville, Ohio was settled by people from Granville, Massachusetts. Education was furthered and Tabor College was founded in 1851, and eight years later Oberlin College.

As the settlers moved still farther westward Michigan was reached. This state was at first avoided because of its numerous swamps and because of the rumors of fever that had been spread about. However, in 1816, two brothers from Royalton set out and Monroe was founded soon afterward by them. S. F. Drury of Spencer later stressed the importance of state education and as a result, Olivet College was founded with his help and at his instigation. Inside fifty years cities replaced swamps. Michigan has been rightly termed "New England amended and perfected."

Ellis B. Usher said, "The Yankee was a pioneer in every part of Wisconsin." There are in the history of Wisconsin two prominent Massachusetts people: William E. Merriman and Frances E. Willard. William Merriman was born in Hinsdale in 1863 and was a graduate of Williams College. He in later years became a leader in the religious and educational life of the state of Wisconsin. Frances Willard was a temperance crusader, who changed the attitude of the whole state towards the legalized sale of liquor. She was a native of Concord.

The Illinois prairie drew many people and families from Massachusetts went out in great numbers. Pittsfield, Illinois was connected with Pittsfield, Massachusetts, while Chicago was a favorite goal for settlers from this state. This has resulted in large business houses being established there. Marshall Field of Conway was a generous and leading merchant of Chicago. Education was not neglected here either and Professor J. B. Turner of Templeton was the founder of Illinois College. "In a century and a half, the religious restriction of the Puritans had grown into absolute religious liberty, and in two centuries it had burst the limits of New England, and John Carver of the *Mayflower* had ripened into Abraham Lincoln of the Illinois prairie."

Next we have the pioneer settling in Minnesota. Charles Seccombe of Salem established the first Congregational Church at St. Anthony Falls in 1851 and was its pastor until 1866. He later became a powerful influence during the days of the Civil War, in bringing forces of religion and education into the struggle on the right side. It is interesting to note the following towns, in Minnesota, named from those of our state: Lexington, Waltham, Cohasset, and Taunton.

Iowa has been often called the Massachusetts of the West because of its similar churches and schools. Asa Turner, born in 1799, in Templeton, is considered one of the fathers of the state. He started as a missionary in Illinois but was drawn further west and it was his lecture in 1832 that resulted in the settling of Denmark. The famous Iowa band, formed for the settling of Iowa, had the following Massachusetts members: Edwin Turner of Great Barrington, Ebenezer Alden of Randolph, and Benjamin Spaulding of Salem. The outstanding figure in religious development was Oliver Emerson from Lynnfield. Iowa can be well called the child of New England faith.

The Massachusetts Emigrant Society was formed for purely commercial reasons. Its object was to fill Kansas as speedily as possible with settlers in sufficient number to outvote proslavery immigrants who might come in from the South. In 1854 it merged with the New England Emigrant Aid Society and together they pointed out agricultural opportunities in Kansas. Eli Thayer brought the Kansas crusade to pass and raised \$200,000 capital for the emigrant society. Dr. Edward Everett Hale filled people with enthusiasm by his fiery speeches. Dr. Charles Robinson of Hardwick was the governor of the state under the Topeka constitution and later under the Wyandotte constitution when it became the supreme law of Kansas. Education was again prominent, and Zenas Crane of Dalton gave \$100,000 to found Washburn College.

In the Dakotas, what few people there were, at first, were missionaries. Among these were Reverend D. B. Nichols of Rehobath, and Dr. James L. Hill of Salem. The first governor was William Howard, a graduate of Williams College. Again we have similar names of towns such as: Groton, Athol, Springfield, and Arlington.

William B. Ide of Rutland helped to make California a part of America when he joined Captain John Fremont in capturing Sonoma, and wrested control from Mexico. Through letters the desirable climate of California was made known to the East. It is said that today the southern section of California resembles

our state more than any other part of the country. This is due to the fact that settlers from Massachusetts came at first to spend the winter and to visit relatives, and then were so attracted by their surroundings that they remained to make their homes.

The Pacific Northwest, including the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, was at first solely considered for trading purposes. Boston merchants went to trade for furs. It was Captain Nathaniel Wyeth of Cambridge who first led groups of Bostonians overland to Oregon; and also later built the first trading post within the limits of Idaho. Then missionaries came out in droves, and Dr. Whitman of Pittsfield was appointed to investigate the Indians' condition. The Oregon Institute was founded as early as 1842 and Cushing Eells, of the Whitman mission, later founded Whitman College. Henry Atkinson of Newburyport was a great power in the religion, education and government of these new territories. The first governor of Washington was Isac Stevens of Andover.

So through all the history of the West runs the history of many and brave men from Massachusetts and it is aptly quoted that "without Puritan conscience, federalism could never have found the material with which to constitute a nation of the states."

Elizabeth Gale

Behind the Front

I HAVE heard the World War condemned by young and old so many times that I have decided to ask the reason.

"Why," they say, "sugar could hardly be bought for money; a loaf of bread would cost fifteen cents; a half-way decent suit of clothes would cost seventy-five dollars. Why, who ever heard of such prices?"

"And," I asked, "how much could a man earn a week at that time?"

"Well, about fifty dollars a week, if he was any kind of man," is the reply.

I then began to wonder if the American people really knew what the war meant, except, of course, for those who were directly connected with it. The only thing they seem to know is that sugar was expensive, although the wages were high enough to balance the cost of living. They do not know, however, what the people across the ocean had to suffer during that time, not only those who bore arms but also those who were at home. Volumes could be written on the subject, but I shall review briefly only the conditions which existed in the little Russian village where I lived at that time.

The first thing that I remember about the war is the retreat of the Russian army through our village in the fall of 1915. I remember, like a dream, that everybody packed whatever he could into his wagons and, leaving home, fled from the enemy and followed the Russian army. My mother, four brothers and a sister, and I, (my father was already in the United States at that time) got into a wagon, with some of our most treasured belongings, and followed. However, we were not so fortunate as most of our neighbors, or perhaps we were more fortunate, for we were overtaken by the enemy, the Austrians, when we were about five miles from home, and we were forced to return.

When we reached home the village was unrecognizable. There wasn't a window in a house to be found; many houses were shattered to splinters; shell-dug holes were to be seen everywhere. The place was filled with Austrians, some removing the dead and wounded from the field, while others were hunting high and low for food. Cannon were stationed in almost every yard and were sending their angels of death over the chimneys of the houses. The air was filled with smoke and nothing could be heard but the explosions of shells and the rattling of machine guns. The fighting continued for several days while the inhabitants of the village, those who could not escape, were hiding in the cellars or forests. Then the echo of the cannon moved farther and farther away from day to day until it could hardly be heard when we came out of our hiding places. Then a new life began for us as prisoners of war.

We were governed by a military governor who had supreme power in his jurisdiction, and he took advantage of his power. Our cattle were taken away to supply food for the army, and our horses taken to replace those that had been killed. Soldiers were lodged in the houses to such an extent that in some cases the owners were obliged to seek shelter elsewhere. These soldiers were given a pound of bread a day and some soup twice a day. They were therefore compelled to seek food among the inhabitants of the village, and they did not ask but took whatever they found in the houses or fields.

All the able bodied men were captured and driven off, like a herd of cattle, to dig trenches and build reinforcements, so that only the women and children remained at home. No business of any kind was to be conducted. If you bought a loaf of bread and got caught, the bread would be taken away and you would be put to prison; the one who sold it would be punished for having too much, by having part, or all of what he had, taken away from him. My mother served several ten-day sentences in jail on such charges. There was plenty of land, evacuated by the refugees, and you were supposed to cultivate it and grow everything you needed. However, since the men were not at home, and we were deprived of our beasts of burden, there was no way of cultivating these fields (agricultural machinery was then unknown in that part of the country). The women and children had to dig the ground with spades and plant the food necessary for existence. It was nothing unusual to see several women harnessed to a plow and one guiding it, thus plowing the field. Then, if anything did grow after such cultivation, the soldiers came along and helped themselves. If you tried to protest, they had their guns ready and would just as soon shoot you as not. There was no law to protect you against a soldier.

After about a year of such treatment people began to die of starvation. Food could not be bought for money, which was equally scarce. And if anyone was fortunate enough to have something to sell and if you did get the money to pay for it, there was always the danger of being caught and put in prison. The military police were so strict and sensitive that it seemed they knew what you were going to do even before you attempted to do it. And once they caught you there was no way out of it; you had to receive your punishment. They did not know what "bribe" meant. The governor often used to say, "Do what you



THE SENIOR A PLAY CAST

Seated: Neil Tolchov, Joseph Cancilla. *Front Row:* Rita Fahey, James Soule, Margaret Henderson, Henry Schachte, Miss Mary Kelly, coach, Barbara Hughes, Paul Lipson, Elizabeth Whitney, David Rosenheim. *Back Row:* Gemma Duri, James McGivern, Marie Dufeld, Robert Hannum, Ellen Frey, Harold Rollins, John Polito, William Cody, Elizabeth Gale, Josephine Enright.

please as long as my men do not get you." However, that was almost an impossibility.

Pure grain bread was unknown. If you had a few pounds of flour you could not risk using it all at once for you would then have nothing for tomorrow. You would therefore mix it with various substitutes, fine sawdust being a common one, even in the military bakeries. People would go out into the field and dig up various vegetable roots, dry them, grind them, and make bread of them. It would take you half an hour to swallow, bit by bit, a mouthful of that bread. And if you did swallow it, I doubt if an American-bred "constitution" could withstand it. Salt and kerosene for illumination were very expensive luxuries since they could not be made at home and had to be smuggled into the village from sources unknown, as nothing was allowed to be brought in or taken out of the village.

In addition to, and no doubt as a direct result of, these conditions, cholera broke out and wiped out people as with a broom. Although there were only about one thousand inhabitants in the village, there was a funeral every day, and sometimes two or three a day.

Thus we suffered until the Armistice was signed. "Armistice" is a term I learned after coming to the United States in 1925. At home we knew nothing about it. There was no communication whatsoever during Austrian rule and we knew nothing of what was going on in the world. For some reason or other, unknown to us at that time, the Austrians evacuated our territory in the fall of 1918 and immediately a new power, Poland, sprang up. Before we knew what had happened, a fresh war broke out between Poland and Soviet Russia and, for us, new suffering and hardships began, not unlike the former ones.

After living through a period like that, I cannot help but laugh at the complaint of the American people that they did not have enough sugar. What would they say if they had to live for days without a piece of bread and, instead of lacking sugar, they had no salt? And above all, if they had to leave their homes and hide in the woods to save their lives as we did? I think they would change their minds about claiming that they suffered during the war because of the lack of sugar.

They would realize that war is a terrible curse to nations, and would exert all their powers to bring about a reign of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Paul M. Lipson '31

Class History

JANUARY 28, 1928—what recollections are brought before us on that day of days? It marks the entrance of this illustrious class before the portals of P. H. S. It was a day long to be remembered, not only for the to-be freshmen, but also for the teachers and upper classmen. Years of melancholy gave way to rejoicing, for without a doubt, we brought with us sunshine, youth, and spirit. Above all, that day is the date that will go down in history as the beginning of the Renaissance in Pittsfield High School.

We assembled in the auditorium, where everything had been transfixed for our convenience. We were welcomed by Mr. Strout, who proceeded to give us the few instructions needed for the freshmen class.

As soon as the excitement of being sophomores had subsided, and we had become accustomed to answering to the title of "Mr." and "Miss", we settled down to hard work; that is, work that would have been hard for another class, but was merely play for us.

The event of our sophomore year was the removal of our majestic lunchroom, where teachers, pupils, scholars, and otherwise gathered to devour a ham sandwich or a piece of lemon pie. The only thing that kept the student body from protesting its removal was the promise of the school committee to dismiss school at twelve-thirty instead of at two o'clock. At this time the Platoon system was inaugurated. Under this arrangement the Commercial and Sophomore B students went to school in the afternoon, while the Academic classes attended in the morning. Thus, the first gymnasium was installed in this institution of learning in place of the lunchroom. Another important happening was the joining of the Commercial and Central sections under one head. This step was probably one of the most important taken in the history of the school, as it did away with petty quarrels and abolished class rivalry.

Another milestone in our career was passed. Soon we were Juniors. By this time, we had gained a little more confidence in ourselves. We now became engaged in different studies and gave many laborious hours on their solutions. Not because we had to, you understand, but because we liked to. Our first duty as Juniors was to organize. We chose Henry Schachte, President; Paul Lipson, Vice President; Mildred Fiddaman, Secretary; William Hanford, Treasurer; and Isabelle Power, Class Adviser. Immediately we began planning for our Prom. Through the untiring efforts of our adviser and her assistants, the dance was certainly a financial and social success.

Shortly after this, Thomas Joyce, one of the prominent members of our class, brought renown and honor to our school by being chosen to represent the school of Berkshire County in the Third National Oratorical Contest.

It was at this time that Pittsfield High School lost one of its outstanding leaders in the person of Coach John Carmody. Following this was the forming of the Athletic Council. The council appointed "Chuck Stewart to lead future P. H. S. teams on the field of battle. "Chuck", being a former P. H. S. star himself, and having received honorary mention on the All-American Football Team of 1912, received a warm welcome by the entire student body.

Time passed, as time does, and we soon reached our ever to be attained Senior year. Again Henry Schachte was chosen to lead this unrivaled class as President. Forrest Lessor assumed the role of Vice President, and Rita Fahey was unanimously elected Secretary. To Adele Koscher was given the honor of collecting class dues. Our true friend and supporter, Miss Power, was again chosen adviser. During our Senior year there was a revision in the faculty. Our efficient physics teacher, Mr. Allan, fell by the wayside and took unto himself a bride and is now teaching at Technical High in Springfield. None other than the eminent Mr. Lynch succeeded Mr. Allan. The other teachers who saw their last days at

Pittsfield High School during our Senior year were Mrs. Bennett and Mr. Davenport. The additions to the faculty were Mr. Canavan, professor in history, economics, or what have you? and Mr. Herberg, the noted mathematician.

Before going further, it is only proper that we should give mention to the outstanding athlete of P. H. S. No other than "Tommy" Curtin. It is needless and impossible to enumerate all the achievements attained by this mortal being. He has represented our school in football, baseball, and basketball, and to him should be given the credit of our victorious football team of the past season. Need we say more?

We now threw our efforts into a successful Senior play. After many nerve-racking rehearsals, under the capable supervision of Miss Mary Kelly, the play, entitled "Seventeen", written by Booth Tarkington, was presented at the Boys' Club and met with tremendous approval.

Now, as we are about to take leave of this hall of fame, and as we look into the tear stained faces of the student body and faculty, we cannot help but pause to ponder a moment on the question that is without a doubt uppermost in each individual's mind. Can such a class as this ever be equalled? So ends the career of this class. The curtain will be drawn upon us, the last and noblest of classes in this school, and life at the high school will go on as ever, plus the advice, the friendship, the tenderness, and leadership we have established in this institution. Thus we leave. This memorable building will further the education of those who are to follow us. We shall enter the School of Life. Farewell.

Jeanne R. Gruberg
James McGivern

Address to the Faculty

Members of the faculty:

In the heart of almost every high school student there is, at some time or other whether it be in his sophomore, junior or senior year, a desire to tell his teachers just how they are regarded in his opinion.

Members of the faculty, the time has come when we are about to leave this building. The time has come when we are to graduate from Pittsfield High School, and with our graduation comes the opportunity to give to our instructors the message that we were so prone to give unofficially in our undergraduate years.

When asked a few weeks ago to give the address to the faculty, I was greatly overjoyed and immediately accepted, for who was I to refuse the chance to express in words the thoughts and feeling of my fellow classmates in regard to those hard hearted individuals who have controlled the administration of this institution during the past three years.

One afternoon, as I attempted to write the address, I tried to recall those pent-up emotions which had been uppermost in my mind and in the minds of my classmates, but somehow these thoughts were overshadowed by the realization that graduation was only a few days off. I had to face the fact that approximately fifty detectives, trying to solve those mysteries so carefully planned by Mr. Herberg, would be lost by graduation. We would no longer be able to train our memory, learning many of Miss Kaliher's never-to-be-forgotten history charts,

nor would we be able to tell Miss Power about the classics that we had read during our summer vacations. The lectures of Mr. Goodwin would no longer ring in our ears nor would Miss Nagle be greeted with our presence after spending a tragic night at her home in Lenox, correcting some of the papers of her sophomore classes. It is when we think of learning these and the many other contacts made here, that we become soft hearted when we address you.

To be sincere, dear teachers, the time has arrived when we must say farewell. Though we have often felt that we have been abused and mistreated by you, we realize that it is we who were to blame for anything that befell us. If we were disappointed in you, we know that you were very often disappointed in us and justly so. We cannot depart from the school without expressing our gratitude to you. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Strout who has been our friend—always having a word of sympathy, a word of encouragement. We are also indebted to our teachers for many of our good times, as well as for all our knowledge.

For the past thirty-two years, classes have gone forth from this building. This year it is the turn of the January class of '31 to go. Surely every Senior A here this morning has found the meaning and the full significance of the two words "true friendship." Someone has said, "A friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same." This has been the case in several incidents in our school career. Many of us have been on the verge of giving up in despair trying to uphold the dignity and customs of our school, but have always been saved by the encouragement of our teachers.

Members of the faculty, to the graduating class of 1931, you have been true friends, and in behalf of my fellow classmates I wish to take this opportunity to bid you Farewell.

William Andrews.

Address to the Undergraduates January, 1931

FOR three years our brilliant and distinguished class has held the fate of Pittsfield High School in the hollow of its hand. Today we relinquish our responsibility to a class as yet untried and untested—the Senior B's. For three years we have enjoyed the good fellowship of all the classes, but at last has come the parting of the ways. As you sit there endeavoring to hold back the tears, fully realizing the precariousness of your position without the guidance of our sagacious class, we have nothing for you but pity. But a very pleasant surprise awaits you. Through the cooperation of Mr. Strout, and the school committee, who perceived the necessity of proper supervision in this superannuated structure, many of us have been prevailed upon to take a post graduate course and thus guide you along the straight and narrow path for another semester.—(Note the sighs of relief coming from certain members of our faculty.)

Now that you have received the glad tidings, I shall proceed to explain to you the qualifications necessary if you are to become honor students. Theoretically the Junior class with its many highly intellectual personages is all right. Practically it is all wrong. You fail to grasp the full significance of the famous words voiced so many times from this creaky platform. "We ask for close co-operation between the teachers and pupils in the general administration of the school."

That expression means precisely this—no matter how much the teachers reprimand you, do not take it to heart. Take pity on them, for they know not what they do. Even when Mr. Lynch's low bass, "That's enough out of you back there," echoes thru the physics lab, do not resent it, but say a silent prayer for his future welfare.

After many hours of thought and speculation, I have drawn up what we shall call the "Students' Guide." It has five clauses as follows:

1st. Do not fail to do your mastery, or as they are better known, "mystery" problems in algebra and trigonometry.

2nd. Agree with Miss Pfeiffer that Sam Johnson and Hamlet were great old fellows.

3rd. Disagree with Mr. Murray as seldom as possible. This assures a better understanding between you and him.

4th. Bluff as much as possible, but do not get caught at it.

5th. Last but not least, when in doubt concerning any technical point pertaining to your sojourn here, consult that well known master mind of the laboratories—Doctor Russell, and I can assure you that he will give you an earful.

Now that you have been given the key to our secret of success, profit by our lack of errors.

All humor aside, these three years have been without a doubt the happiest of our lives and ones we shall look back to in the future with pleasant memories. We have not enjoyed the privileges and advantages that will be yours in the new building, but we do not envy you, we only wish you the best of luck. As the years roll by and you graduate from good old P. H. S. there is but one favor we ask of you, that you will always remember us with the same kindly affection which we feel for you.

Thomas Joyce.

Last Will and Testament of the January Class of 1931

WE, the class of January, 1931, having exceptionally fine scholastic ability and athletic prowess, do hereby agree that this document which has been given an immense amount of thought and deliberation is our last will and testament. In the presence of you, comparatively insignificant and unimportant undergraduates, and of the faculty members, we bequeath and dispose of the following:

Item: To our adviser, Miss Power, our heartfelt thanks for her invaluable assistance and willing cooperation during our three years of study.

Item: To the Pittsfield High School, whose output of brilliant young men and women ends with our graduation, we leave a lot in the Pittsfield Cemetery.

Item: To Mr. Strout and Mr. Ford, our leaders, we leave the anticipation of occupying the new high school in the coming Fall.

Item: To Miss Kelly, we extend our thanks for her successful coaching of our play.

Item: To Mr. Nugent, our most humorous instructor, we leave a copy of College Humor, that he may continue to entertain his subsequent classes as well as he did us.

Item: To Miss Kaliher, we leave a new desk whose bottom drawer on the left hand side is guaranteed not to stick.

Item: To Mr. Murray, Muzzey's only superior, we leave a brand new rocking chair, so that he can rock back as far as he wishes without any thought of falling over.

Item: To Mr. Herberg, Einstein's only equal, we leave the exclusive right to remove Gene Dorfman from his class. It seems that Gene and Mr. Herberg have different theories on solving puzzles.

Item: To Miss Mangan, our most ardent athletic supporter, we grant permission to have a front seat at every game that she attends.

Item: To Dr. Russell, we bequeath a whole new set of test tubes and retorts to repay him for the many losses he may have suffered on our account.

Item: To Mr. Goodwin, the dean of our high school, we leave the privilege of entertaining his next Senior A's with Cicero's deep but nevertheless humorous jokes.

Item: To Mr. Herrick we grant the privilege of ejecting all those who persist on sleeping in his study room. Although Joe doesn't object to the sleeping, the snoring proves a bit bothersome to his class.

Item: To Coach Stewart, a most successful football coach, we leave "Albie Booth" Dixon, hoping that he will develop him into a Frank Carrideo.

Item: To the Sophomore class, unworthy to be mentioned though they be, we offer our successful high school careers as fitting examples for them to follow.

Item: To the Juniors, who are about to take upon themselves the study of history, we advise that without hours of study, little can be accomplished (according to our experience).

Item: Instead of postponing our graduation to June, we grant to the Senior B's the privilege and pleasure of being the first class to graduate from the new high school.

Item: To Archie Allen we leave the hope that his team will be as great as that captained by Tom Curtin.

Item: To our newly organized band, we present the prettiest girl in the school to take the place of Dick Eby, Mr. Smith's only subordinate.

Item: To some promising Senior B in the Students' Council, we leave the leadership and ability of Henry Schachte.

Item: To Mr. Hennessey, known by many of his students as, "Good Old Harold," we leave Don Kelly, who we think will continue to entertain in his classes.

Item: To Mr. Canavan, a new addition to our faculty, we grant for use in his future classes, his popular expression, "Now, that will be just about enough."

Item: To the fairer sex among the undergraduates, we leave the privilege of gazing upon the handsome features of Joe Nilan, Ray Smith, and "Daisy" Purnell.

Item: To the janitors of Pittsfield High, we leave a dozen mouse traps to assist them in capturing the mice of Rooms 11 and 12.

Item: Being the last class to graduate from this beautiful temple of learning we believe it only fitting and proper that we say some few words concerning it. For over thirty years this structure has stood the severest weather and the storms of abuse of those who have entered here. Still it remains, with open arms ready

to take in those whose minds are set on securing a higher education. To Pittsfield High we say "Au Revoir."

Signed, sealed, and sworn this nineteenth day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one by the members of the Senior A Class of P. H. S.

Signed

Witnesses:

*Tillie the Toiler
Mac*

*Elizabeth Enright
Edward Flaherty*

Last Will and Testament of the June Class of 1898

BEING of sound mind and body, we, the class of 1898, the first to graduate from the new Pittsfield High School do hereby make it known to Freshmen and other undergraduates that this document, which is so cleverly written, is our last will and testament, and herein we do dispose of all our earthly goods, customs, and habits as follows:

Item: First and foremost, we extend to you faculty members our sincere appreciation and thanks for your assistance and guidance during the four years you have exercised your efforts upon us.

Item: To Mr. Byram, our worthy principal, we bequeath a large switch to used by him to punish those culprits who mar the spotless desks and other furniture entrusted to us by the city of Pittsfield.

Item: To Mr. Goodwin, we extend the hope that he may continue for years to come in his thorough instruction of Pittsfield High students.

Item: To the Sophomores, we give the sound advice not to strain their necks in the effort to see out of our elevated windows every time a horse neighs. Such inattention to their studies will, in no way aid them in becoming the ideal pupils that we have been.

Item: To the Juniors, we give a complete set of dust cloths to be used in caring for the building as properly as we have. The aforementioned cloths are to be handed down to all classes following in our footsteps, *thus* insuring the upkeep of this magnificent building of ours.

Item: To all bicycle riders, both boys and girls, we dedicate our spacious basement as a safe storage place for their vehicles.

Item: To the girls, we bequeath our new, clean floors, which will no longer coat with dust their lengthy, flowing skirts.

Item: To the football and baseball teams, whose abilities cannot be equalled by any teams in the future, we leave our soft and sandy common to play their games on.

Item: To the janitor, who we hope is present, we give a complete and detailed list of instructions on how to clean the gas lamps, what polish to use on our shining desks, and how to manipulate our very adequate heating system.

Item: To the Bicycle Club members, whose rides through the distant towns of Dalton, Cheshire, Hinsdale, and Lanesboro, have shown to them the marvelous beauties of the Berkshires, we extend the hope that they will never ride at the reckless speed of ten miles an hour which the horseless carriage has set as its speed limit.

Item: To the whole student body, we make an earnest appeal to make a record for this school by arriving on time. Of course, all lateness that results through an accident to the horse and buggy or to the stage coaches, can be excused.

Item: Finally, you who have not yet graduated, we wish you to bear in mind that our ability will reflect on the future classes. Even the last class to graduate from this structure, so admired for its architectural beauty, will bear traces of our intellect and will shine forth gloriously as true descendants of the class of 1898.

Signed and sealed this twenty-fifth day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred, and ninety-eight.

Witnesses:

Major Hoople
The One Horse Shay

Signed:

Elizabeth Enright
Edw. Flaherty

Class Prophecy

THE words "Salzar—The Crystal Gazer", blinking ominously over a gloomy entrance and casting a weird light through the mist, tempted me to find out what fate had destined for my classmates of twenty years ago. A feeling of reluctance was overcome by a desire to explore the underground kingdom of the crystal gazer. Placing my fate in the lap of the gods, I cautiously opened the door and crept in. While peering through the darkness trying to discern my surroundings, I heard the door click behind me. Silence reigned, to be broken only by the shuffling of oriental slippers. A tapestry was drawn aside, and I beheld Salzar dressed in a Hindu garb. Beckoning me to an adjoining room, he motioned me to be seated at a table where many books were cluttered about a crystal ball. In stammering phrases I told him that I was eager to learn the destiny of my classmates of 1930. In a monotonous tone he asked me to name some of them.

Salzar, gazing pensively into the crystal ball, disclosed the whereabouts of my schoolmates. The mist, which seemed to enclose him, reminded me of the days when St. Joe and P. H. S. had clashed at Wahconah Park, and in a quivering voice I uttered the names of the athletes of my high school days. Tommy Curtin was now the "Knute Rockne" of Notre Dame. Corrinet, Phillipson, Kelly, and Smith were members of the New York Giants, a team which was causing Coach Curtin a little worry. I had soon forgotten the mysterious atmosphere and was carried back to those good old days of 1930. Some of the members of the basketball team, Salzar muttered, had given up their hobby. Donald Fetherston was manager of the Union Square Theatre, after having worked his way to this position from that of usher. Bill Hanford had inherited a restaurant and was becoming famous for the pastry cooked by his chefs, William Codey and Cliff Cowlin. Flaherty and McGivern, however, had pursued their favorite sport and were brilliant stars on the Eagle's team under Rollin's management.

Salzar, staring at me with those piercing black eyes, brought me from these delightful days to the present by asking me whether there was anyone else I wished to know about. Our class, to be sure, had produced fine athletes. What, I wondered, had it done in the dramatic field? The senior play—what a success it had been! What had become of the actors? Gazing into the ball, Salzar dis-

closed their stations in life. Schachte and his pal, Eby, had organized a combination symphonic-jazz orchestra which was under the direction of Paul Lipson because of his resemblance to Paul Whiteman. Members of the distinguished orchestra included Elizabeth Klein, Josephine Enright, Charles Blanchard, David Rosenhein, Dominic Dastoli, Eleanor Perrault, and Sidney Kanter. Barbara Hughes had not followed the predicted profession, as Margaret Henderson had, but had taken up a different type of work as head of the Slater Music School. Gemma Duri was head stenographer for the Lessor Auto Repair Shop. Betty Whitney, who had been so interested in scientific work, had secured a position as a technician in the famous St. Luke's Hospital, where many P. H. S. graduates, Alice Gleason, Beatrice Dorr, Anna Dupuis, Dorothy Barraclough, Mae O'Neil, and Mary Green, had been trained in nursing. James Soule was still an eager deer hunter, but taught his favorite subject, United States History, as a means of earning pin money. Rita Fahey—Salzar paused and said he saw a cheerful person with a pleasing personality, who was a great help to her father in carrying on his business. Molly Harawitz was private secretary to Paul Lipson, the famous orchestra leader, and helped to finance the Chandler Shoe Store, which Paul managed in his spare time. Bob Hannum, because of his winning smiles and witty remarks, was offered a position as a Fuller Brush salesman and actually did succeed in convincing Ellen Frey that the Fuller tooth brush is the best one to use. These actors, however, belonged to The Little Theatre and were rehearsing a play "Tain't So" written by the famous playwrights, Elizabeth Enright and Vera Page.

The sole oil painting in Salzar's studio brought to my mind the artists of my class. Bob Dickie—I asked what his fortune had been. Salzar smiled cunningly, as he did when about to give good news, and proclaimed Dickie the most sought-after artist of his time. For his most famous painting "Les Belles Femmes" his models were Gussie Goodman, Adele Koscher, Margaret Zauche, and Elizabeth Gale, and Mary Daniels. Jack Langdon and Catherine Wilkinson had specialized in commercial art. John Polito, famous for his comic strips, was cartoonist for the "Morning Milk," edited by Alexander Vomvilas and Donald Flannery.

Salzar, pointing to the crystal, asked if I saw something peculiar there. I nodded, though I saw nothing. He said that that unusual mark concerned the planet Mars. Becoming excited, he exclaimed that a successful trip to Mars was being planned by the three famous inventors, Daoust, Keeler, and Cancilla. He said that he saw in a secluded valley the three mechanics, Hobart Tower, Francis Ring, and Walter Gorner, secretly constructing a rocket designed to reach Mars. The daring aviators, William Cooke and George King, were to pilot the rocket; and the astronomers, Neil Tolchov, Edward Genest, and William Andrews, were to accompany them. Salzar predicted success.

A feeling of hunger brought to my mind the pills that were now taking the place of the good old-fashioned meals, and I wondered if my classmates were responsible for this outrage. Salzar found many who were to blame. The Hill, Welton, Joyce Co. was at present perfecting the Thanksgiving dinner, which was to be reduced from the size of a gum-drop to that of a marble.

O tempores, O mores! These countless airplanes—who was responsible to keep order in the air? Irish cops were still common. Edward O'Brien headed the air force while officers Levinson, Partridge, O'Connell, and O'Neil carried out instructions.

Salzar, frowning at me, asked if there were any more classmates. Although there were many other names on the tip of my tongue, Salzar discouraged any further inquisition. I slipped a bill into his hand and departed hurriedly. The mist had cleared away, and the heaven was studded with stars. I never knew whether it was a spell that Salzar had cast over me by the fantastic tales of my classmates or my desire to see their faces once more; but as I gazed into the heavens, the stars seemed to disclose the beaming faces of my classmates; the moon, the kind faces of the members of the faculty. Each little star seemed to be guided by a faint ray of light cast by the moon. As each teacher had done his part in guiding the steps of pupils in high school, their patience and kind instructions affected that station of each student in later life.

Isabelle McCulloch
Francis Lahey

Prophecy of the Class of 1898

IT was during the summer of 1928 while I was touring the New England states that I decided to stop off at Pittsfield and look some of the members of the class of 1898. You see, we had been the first class to graduate from the new high school on Second Street. To be sure thirty years had passed since our graduation, but I had kept up a correspondence with a few and had learned that a number of them were still in the old home town!

I arrived about 11.30 Monday morning and stepped from the train 'mid the smoke belching from the funnel of the Lenox-Peru Limited that had limped in late as usual. As I stepped from the station, I was all but suffocated by the exhaust from one of those modern two-cylinder speed hacks. I had just time to recognize my old chum, O'Hearn, before he rounded the corner on two wheels and disappeared. His desperate haste must be due, I figured, to a delayed dinner date with the little O'Hearns. On the farther sidewalk the whine of a sax was attracting attention to a soap-box orator. By inquiry I found that he was my schoolmate, Joe McMahon, whose fame as a lawyer had long since spread to the distant outskirts of Windsor.

Nearby I procured an *Eagle* in which I ran across a learned lyric styled "Will fruitgum lose its flavor on the bedpost over night?" The whole was ably written by his eminence, Clarence Crandall. At the Library I met Carrie Gamwell, who told me more of our former classmates. The valedictorian, Ida Connors, had become Mrs. Curtin; and her son was at the time vainly trying for an appointment on the staff of the "Morning Milk." Henrietta Hill, the salutatorian, had for once laid aside caution and had changed her name to Mrs. Kittle. Carrie further told me of George Newman's achievements as a clothier of small married men. Her own shoes (she didn't state the size) had come from Root's store. She said that of course I knew Mrs. Root was our stand-by, May Denny.

I had scarcely reached the street when I witnessed a near-accident cleverly averted by the skillful hand of Bessie Barnes Wellington as she snatched the reins

from Maud Cole Shipton. Here I had chance to see two more of the gay ninety-eighters. However, I felt I needed insurance in such a wild bourg, so I dodged my way to the Berkshire Life Insurance Co., where I nearly prematurely passed out upon seeing "Russ" Skinner and Bessie Moore. They were just hanging up one of those rare pre-prohibition water-fall scenes, this one sketched by our class artist, Daisy Francis Kahl. During our chat, they told me that the high school, so new in our day, had become a tight fit; and that although another was needed, the city "Dads" were still in favor of the old. The old principal had gone to Maine and another had come from there. Frequent casualties due to over exposure to studies had resulted among the students. Ninety percent of the athletes had fallen arches resulting from the burden of miniature golf. The faculty, it seemed, could no longer count above eighty. On the whole the outlook was dismal. Yet one ray of hope remained. It was expected that the last class to graduate from the Second St. building would eclipse all previous records in solving "mastery problems."

At this point I was reminded of the early train schedule by the whistle from a near-by bean factory, and bade my friends goodbye in time to reach the express as it pulled out for Northampton where I was next to seek the wonders of nature!

Painfully submitted,

Vera Page
Richard Eby

Would the World Go 'Round If==

William Andrews didn't argue with Miss Kaliher?
Marie Berger ever failed to recite?
Dorothy Butler ever grew tall?
Rose Carlo ever bobbed her hair?
William Codey didn't get into an argument with Miss Enright at least once a week?
Janet Coons ever took school life seriously?
Thomas Curtin wasn't popular with—everybody?
Mary Daniels didn't go around with Jack Langdon?
Dominic Dastoli didn't supply everyone with candy?
Robert Dickie didn't make all our posters?
Beatrice Dorr ever talked when she wasn't supposed to?
Pricilla Dorr—ditto?
Richard Eby didn't lead the Pittsfield High School Band?
Elizabeth Enright didn't have a sense of humor in a quiet way?
Rita Fahey wasn't our prettiest girl?
Donald Fetherston didn't carry more than five books at a time?
Mildred Fiddaman wasn't always laughing?
Edward Flaherty didn't argue with Mr. Murray?
Ellen Frey didn't know her Vergil?
Edward Genest ever had his history lesson?
Alice Gleason didn't have curly hair?
Jeanne Gruberg didn't go around with "Spiffy" Coons?

Margaret Guinan didn't work at Liggett's soda fountain?
 Robert Hannum wasn't so good natured?
 Mollie Harawitz got to school at least two minutes before the bell rang?
 Thomas Joyce wasn't such a good orator?
 Sidney Kanter didn't play a violin?
 Miriam Kent wasn't so quiet?
 Adele Koscher didn't keep class dues straightened out?
 Irene Leoncine wasn't always studying?
 Paul H. Lipson ever grew thin?
 Paul M. Lipson wasn't mistaken for Paul H.?
 Isabelle McCulloch didn't get all A's?
 James McGivern wasn't such a good dancer?
 Velma O'Connell didn't blush when people spoke to her?
 Mae O'Neil wasn't so quiet?
 Vera Page wasn't teacher's pet?
 William Parsons didn't have his English done?
 John Polito wasn't so clever in drawing?
 Harold Rollins wasn't always so happy?
 David Rosenhein ever took a girl out?
 Henry Schachte didn't give the girls a thrill?
 Raymond Smith didn't borrow pencils?
 Helen Spiewak was always called by her right name?
 Betty Swartz wasn't so tiny?
 James Vaccaro wasn't always adding his opinion?
 Elizabeth White wasn't so bashful?
 Elizabeth Whitney didn't make such a cute Jane?
 Catherine Wilkinson didn't excel in Shakespeare's works?
 Margaret Zauche was serious for five minutes?
 Antoinette Bilotta wasn't so humorous in history class?
 Charles Blanchard didn't play in "Kit" Carson's orchestra?
 Joseph Cancilla wasn't so short?
 Andrew Corrinet didn't have red cheeks?
 Marie Duffied didn't know her French?
 Gemma Duri didn't have her homework done?
 Donald Flannery didn't look into fashion books?
 Elizabeth Gale wasn't prompter for the Senior Play?
 Doris Gillette didn't always wear a smile?
 Gussie Goodman didn't know her law?
 Mary Green ever grew tall?
 William Hanford hadn't played on the basketball team?
 Margaret Henderson wasn't a member in the cast of the Senior Play?
 Emmett Hill ever spoke out of turn?
 Elizabeth Klien didn't play the violin?
 Dorothy Klose wasn't guided to her classroom by Adele Koscher?
 Francis Lahey lost his wit?
 Forrest Lessor wasn't French?

Ellen Frey Janet Coons Alice Gleason Forrest Lessor

Statistics

Prettiest Girl	Rita Fahey
Handsomest Boy	Henry Schachte
Most Popular Girl	Rita Fahey
Most Popular Boy	Henry Schachte
Best All-round Girl	Janet Coons
Best All-round Boy	Paul Lipson
Most Business Like Girl	Isabel McCulloch
Most Business Like Boy	Harold Rollins
Best Natured Boys	Paul Lipson and Forrest Lessor
Best Natured Girl	Janet Coons
Cutest Girl	Barbara Hughes
Cutest Boy	Robert Hannum
Best Girl Dancer	Jeanne Gruberg
Best Boy Dancer	James McGivern
Wittiest Girl	Elizabeth Gale
Wittiest Boy	David Rosenhien
Model Girl Student	Isabelle McCulloch
Model Boy Student	Richard Eby
Most Carefree Girl	Mary Daniels
Most Carefree Boy	Raymond Smith
Quietest Girl	May McAvoy
Quietest Boy	William Parsons
Tallest Girl	Helen May
Tallest Boy	Robert Dickie
Shortest Girl	Mary Green
Shortest Boy	Joseph Cancilla
Class Actress	Elizabeth Whitney
Class Actor	Henry Schachte
Class Orator	Thomas Joyce
Class Athlete	Thomas Curtin
Class Musician	Richard Eby
Class Poet	Catherine Wilkinson
Class Giggler	Margaret Zauche
Class Artist	John Polito
Class Fashion Plate	Mary Daniels
Cleverest Girl	Isabelle McCulloch
Cleverest Boy	Henry Schachte
Best Dressed Boy	Jack Langdon
Class Pet	Janet Coon
Favorite Pastime	Sleeping
Favorite Drink	Rootbeer
Favorite Food	Pretzels
Favorite Expression	"Ye Gods"
Most Popular Subject	History
Most Popular Woman Teacher	Miss Isabelle Power
Most Popular Man Teacher	Mr. Joseph Nugent
Movie Actor	Buddy Rogers
Movie Actress	Nancy Carrol

Janet Coons Ellen Frey Alice Gleason Forrest Lessor

Scholarship Honors

First Honor: Isabel Mary MacCulloch

Second Honor: Mary Rita Fahey

PRO-MERITO

William Henry Andrews
 Marie Louise Berger
 Dorothy Catherine Butler
 Marie Madeleine Duffield
 Gemma Florence Duri
 Richard Engle Eby
 Elizabeth Mary Enright
 Josephine Anne Enright
 Mary Rita Fahey
 Ellen Elizabeth Frey
 Alice Rita Gleason
 Jeanne Ruth Gruberg
 Molly Eisner Harawitz

Emmett Thomas Hill
 Howard Francis Keeler
 Miriam Bentley Kent
 Irene Lenore Leoncini
 Paul Maurice Lipson
 Paul Lipson
 Isabel Mary MacCulloch
 William Howard Parsons
 Howard P. Rollins
 Henry Miner Schachte
 Josephine Ann Shelsey
 Adah Elizabeth Whitney
 Catherine Vernon Wilkinson

SPECIAL AWARDS*Maplewood Institute Prize Essay*

Elizabeth Gale

Washington-Franklin Medal for Excellence in American History

Isabel Mary MacCulloch

*Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Gold Medal for Excellence in**Mathematics and Science*

Richard Eby

Graduation Program

Overture Black Diamond— <i>Gruenwald</i>	High School Orchestra
America	Class
Graduation Address	Grover C. Bowman
	Superintendent of Schools, North Adams
Quintet	Josephine Enright, <i>Violin</i>
	Dominic Dastoli, <i>Violin</i>
	Henry Schachte, <i>Clarinet</i>
	Richard Eby, <i>French Horn</i>
	Rita Fahey, <i>Piano</i>
Award of Prizes and Pro-Merito Appointments	John T. MacDonald
	Chairman School Committee
Award of Diplomas	Mayor Jay P. Barnes
Class Song	Rita Fahey
	Elizabeth Enright
Class March	

Class Song—January, 1931

Sands of time have swiftly flowed away.
 Soon appears the parting of the ways.
 Joyous times and friendships but begun,
 Must end—as our farewells now we say.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
 The echoes long will bear our sad refrain.
 At last we part, but memories we keep,
 Until we meet again.

Pittsfield High, we take our leave of thee.
 Loyal and true to you we'll always be.
 Thoughts of you, the guardian of our youth,
 Guide us ever to honor and to truth.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
 Our Alma Mater, now we sing to thee.
 We say goodbye, one fond farewell,
 Until we meet again.

Elizabeth Enright
 Rita Fahey



Who's Who

GERALD GREY ALDAM, "Gerry"

School: Plunkett. Traffic Officer, Glee Club. Ambition: To see that study pupils are able to talk in Miss Casey's class.

*There may be a good many Gerries,
But this one of ours is quite the berries.*

WILLIAM ANDREWS, "Bill"

School: Crane. Student Council '30, Debating Club President '29, Class Treasurer '29, Traffic Officer '30, Address to the Faculty, Junior Prom Ticket Committee, Ring Committee, Pro-Merito. Ambition: To win an argument from Miss Kaliher.

*Bill may debate all his life,
But he'll lose out when he gets a wife.*

DOROTHY BARRACLOUGH, "Dot"

School: Crane. Basketry Club. Ambition: Nurse.

*Dorothy's the one to put life and spark
Into a class in Household Arts.*

MARIE LOUISE BERGER

School: Mercer Junior High. Club: Glee '28. Class Vice President '28, Home Room Treasurer '28, '29, Assistant Class Treasurer '29, Traffic Officer '28, '29, '30. Typewriting Awards. Pro Merito. Ambition: To conduct a school for dumb children.

*Marie Berger, a golden haired lass,
Can hold her own in every class.*

ANTOINETTE MARY BILOTTA, "Angie"

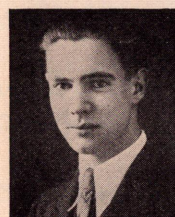
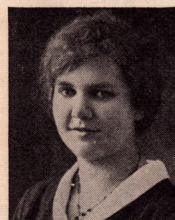
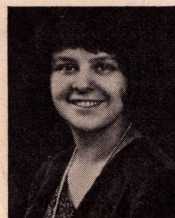
Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Tucker Junior High. Club: Glee '28. Assistant Secretary '29, Traffic '30, '31, Home Room Secretary '30, Typewriting and Shorthand Awards. Ambition: To get "Del's" and "Dot's" goat.

*Antoinette Bilotta, a clever lass
Is liked by everyone in her class.*

CHARLES R. BLANCHARD, JR., "Chuck"

School: Dawes. Traffic Officer, Band. Ambition: To direct an orchestra as well as "Doc" Peyton.

*Chuck plays a hot sax for "Kit Carson,"
He ought to be arrested on a charge of arson.*



DOROTHY BUTLER, "Dot"

School: Crane. Glee Club, Posture Club, Pro-Merito. Ambition: A borrower not a lender be.

*Here's to Dot Butler—
Little, cute, and full of pep.*

JOSEPH CANCELLA, "Joe"

School: Pomeroy. Stage Manager of Play, Basketball '30-'31. Ambition: To grow enough to make Dickie look like Jeff compared to Mutt.

*The hero of our class play, it's mighty certain,
Is Joe, the boy who pulled the curtain.*

ROSE CARLO

Schools: Tucker and Pomeroy. Etiquette Club, Posture Club. Ambition: To settle the question: To be or not to be.

*Rose is really rather shy,
But she'll surprise us by and by.*

WILLIAM FRANCIS CODEY, "Bill"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Club: C.M.T.C., Students' Council '28, '29, '30, Traffic Committee '29, '30, Assembly Committee '28, '30, Banquet Committee, Class Play, Typewriting Award. Ambition: To go game-hunting in Lakewood.

*"Bill" Codey, a witty lad
Is always jolly, never sad.*

JANET ROSE COONS, "Jan"

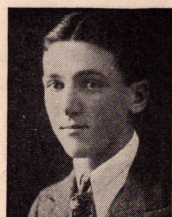
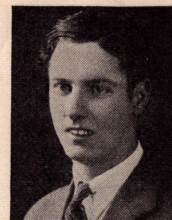
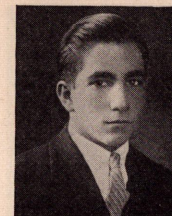
School: Mercer Junior High School. Club: Glee. Committees: Decorating for Junior Prom '29, Class Day, Statistics, Would the World Go 'Round If, Traffic Officer '30, '31. Ambition: To do all the things I would like to do.

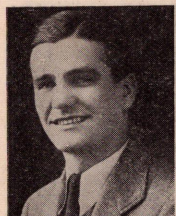
*A pleasing way, a pleasant smile
Pienty of pep, and oh what style.*

ANDREW CORRINET, "Froggy"

School: Pomeroy. Football '29, '30, Baseball '30. Ambition: To establish a dog pound at P. H. S.

*A nice young man, there is no doubt
That soon some maid will find him out.*





THOMAS F. CURTIN, JR., "Tom"

School: Dawes. Baseball '28-'29-'30, Football '28-'29-'30, Basketball '28-'29-'30, President of Varsity Club, Captain of 1930 Football Team, Class Day Committee. Ambition: Financier.

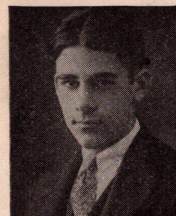
*Tom is an athlete, fearless and fickle,
He makes Red Grange look like a nickel.*



MARY GEORGINE DANIELS

School: Pomeroy. Posture Club, Traffic Officer '28-'29, Junior Prom Refreshment Committee, Banquet Committee, Speaker at Banquet, Student's Pen, Advertising Department '29-'30. Ambition: To be able to solve Mr. Herberg's Mastery Problems.

*Mary is a carefree lass,
But the boys all tell us she's some class.*



ODESSA A. DAOUST, "Dusty"

School: Crane. Ambition: To be the brains of Scotland Yard.

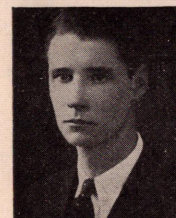
*In every way Dusty's of the sort
Who's good in school and a good sport.*



DOMINIC FRANCIS DASTOLI, "Boots"

Schools: Rice Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Glee, C.M.T.C., Class Treasurer '28, Orchestra '28, '29, '30, Band '30-'31, Traffic Officer '28, '29. Ambition: To be able to see my girl eight nights a week.

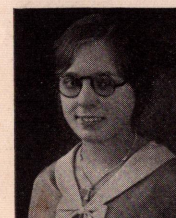
*"Boots" Dastoli is a likeable boy
We wish him success and lots of joy.*



ROBERT B. DICKIE, "Bob"

School: Dawes. Junior Prom, Decorating Committee, Student's Pen Club, Art Editor '30-'31. Ambition: To reach the Heights of Lindberg.

*A manly figure has Mr. Dickie,
And with his brush he's mighty tricky.*



PRISCILLA DORR, "Fry"

School: Pomeroy. Ambition: To go West to some Big Ranch.

*To the quiet lasses named before
Add now the name of Priscilla Dorr.*

MARIE MADELEINE DUFIELD, "Ree"

School: Dawes. Traffic Officer '29-'30, Assistant Chief '30, Senior Play, Posture Club, Glee Club. Ambition: To stay in bed till late and reach school at 8 o'clock.

*Marie's a star in French,
Compared to her, we're all most dense.*



ANNA DUPUIS, "Anne"

School: Crane. Basketry Club. Ambition: Nurse.

*Anna's taking Household Arts,
We're sure she knows her frills and tarts.*



GEMMA FLORENCE DURL, "Gem"

Schools: Briggs, Tucker Junior High. Club: Glee '28. Bank Trustee, Nominating Committee, Secretary of the Students' Council, Refreshment and Decorating Committees for Junior Prom, Traffic Officer '30, Typewriting Certificates and Pins, Class Play, Who's Who Committee '31. Pro Merito. Ambition: To establish myself permanently in the business world.

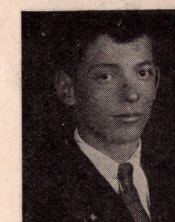
*Gemma, a quiet and studious lass,
Is quite an addition to our class.*



RICHARD EBY, "Dick"

School: Dawes. Band, Orchestra, Public Speaking Club, Chairman Junior Prom Decorating Committee, Play Committee, Student Council '30, Pro-Merito, Traffic Officer. Ambition: To tickle bugs.

*A big break came for the French Horn
When our friend, Dick Eby, was born.*



ELIZABETH ENRIGHT, "Libby"

School: Crane. Glee Club, Student's Pen Club, Class Will, Class Song, Pro-Merito. Ambition: To think of one.

*Elizabeth certainly knows a lot,
We're sure she'll never be forgot.*

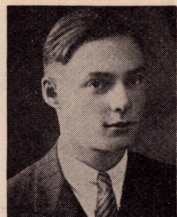


JOSEPHINE ANNE ENRIGHT, "Jo"

School: Dawes. Glee Club, Posture Club, Reception Committee of Junior Prom, Chairman of Banquet Committee, Orchestra, Berkshire County Orchestra, Traffic Officer, School Reporter for Eagle '30, Class Play, Pro-Merito. Ambition: To own a snappy Cord front-drive speedster.

*Jo knows how to play a fiddle,
And in our class she's far above the middle.*





FRANCIS JOSEPH LAHEY

Schools: Stearns Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Club: C.M.T.C., Caps and Gowns Committee, Prophecy. Ambition: To be or not to be.

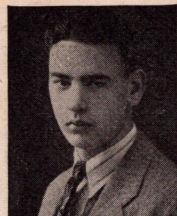
*A witty lad is Francis Lahey,
And you can bet I don't mean maybe.*



MARY RITA FAHEY, "Rit"

School: Dawes. Pro-Merito, Class Secretary '30-'31, Traffic Officer, Orchestra, Glee Club, Junior Prom, Reception Committee, Ring Committee, Chairman of Senior B Decorating Committee, Play Committee, Senior Play, Picture Committee, Caps and Gowns Committee, Class Day Committee, Class Song Committee. Ambition: To be or not to be.

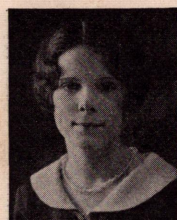
*Rita is pretty, popular and smart,
A goodly compliment on our part.*



DONALD FETHERSTON, "Stretch"

School: Pontoosuc. Basketball '29-'30-'31, Traffic Officer, C.M.T.C., Varsity Club, Senior B Decorating Committee. Ambition: To convince Mr. Bulger that he is the quietest boy in the sixth period class.

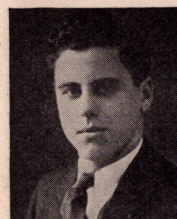
*Fetherston's name must have puzzled his mother,
For it's light on one end, heavy on the other.*



MILDRED LUCILLE FIDDAMAN, "Millie"

School: Crane Junior High. Club: Glee '28. Class Secretary '29, Traffic Officer '28, '29, Committees: Decorating, Invitation, and Refreshment for Junior Prom '29, Banquet, Invitation Committee for Banquet '31, Who's Who, Typewriting Awards: Remington, Underwood, Royal. Ambition: To teach the Sophs and Juniors to respect the Seniors.

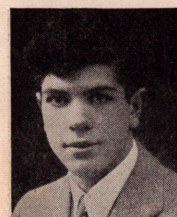
*So brimming over with life and fun
Is this sweet lass, Miss Fiddaman.*



EDWARD FLAHERTY, "Flip"

School: Crane Junior High. Traffic Squad '29, '30, '31, Class Day Committee, Basketball '29, '30, Typewriting Certificate, Class Will. Ambition: To convince Mr. Murray that I'm right sometimes.

*"Flip's" a good sport, we must confess,
Here's to his happiness and success.*



DONALD FRANCIS FLANNERY, "Don"

School: Tucker Junior High. Club: C.M.T.C. Traffic, Bank Trustee '28. Ambition: To understand the functions of the feminine mind.

*Donald Flannery, that's his name
We know he's on his way to fame.*

ELLEN E. FREY

School: Mercer. Home Room Treasurer, Traffic Officer, Junior Prom Reception Committee, Class Play, Class Day Committee, "Would the World Go Around If," Posture Club, Handiwork Club, Pro-Merito. Ambition: To meet the man who invented mastery problems.

*Ellen knows her styles and fashions,
This truly is her greatest passion.*



ELIZABETH GALE, "Libby"

School: Miss Mills' School. Senior Play, Glee Club. Ambition: To understand how variables approach their limits and what their limits are.

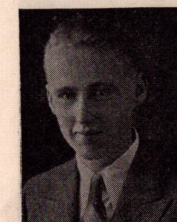
*A joke has Libby Gale
For everyone within her hail.*



EDWARD GENEST, "Bus"

School: Pomeroy.

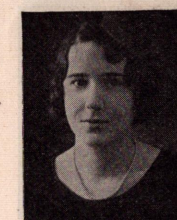
*Bus Genest is a cute little boy,
But with the girls he's not very coy.*



DORIS AILEEN GILLETTE, "Dot"

School: Housatonic. Ambition: I haven't any.

*Doris is jolly and full of fun
Her happiness, we know, has just begun.*



ALICE RITA GLEASON, "Al"

School: Pomeroy. Etiquette Club, Junior Prom Refreshment Committee, Home Room Treasurer, Class Day Committee. Ambition: To be a second Florence Nightingale.

*Alice has a winning smile
Which will carry her many a mile.*

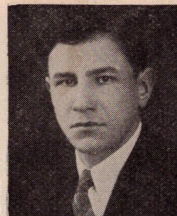


GUSSIE E. GOODMAN

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Glee '28, Advertising '30, '31, Typewriting Awards: Remington, Underwood, Royal, L. C. Smith. Ambition: To get slim.

*Gussie is popular, Gussie is gay,
Success, we're sure, will come her way.*





WALTER GORNEY, "Walt"

School: Pomeroy. Ambition: To make good.

*Seeming happy, seeming gay,
May he always stay that way.*



MARY MARION GREEN, "Pee Wee"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Tucker Junior High. Club: Glee '28. Typewriting Awards: Remington, Royal, Underwood. Ambition: To be five feet, nine inches tall.

*Mary Green is very small
We wonder if she'll ever grow tall.*



JEANNE RUTH GRUBERG, "Honey"

School: Tucker Junior High. Club: Glee. Home Room Secretary and Treasurer '28, '29, '30, '31, Traffic Officer '28, '29, '30, '31, Decorating and Refreshment Committees for Junior Prom '29, Secretary of Senior Play Committee. Typewriting Awards: Remington, Royal, Underwood, and L. C. Smith. Class Day Committee. Pro Merito. Ambition: To be maid-of-honor at Janet's and ? wedding.

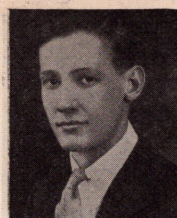
*Jeanne is clever, that we all know
May success come to her, wherever she'll go.*



MARGARET PATRICIA GUINAN, "Peg"

Schools: Plunkett, Dawes, Tucker Junior High. Club: Etiquette. Traffic Officer '29, Typewriting Awards. Ambition: To manage Liggett's Drug Store.

*A quiet, sweet girl is Margaret,
Some day will be manager of Liggetts.*



ROBERT P. HANNUM, "Bob"

School: Mercer. Traffic Officer, C.M.T.C., Junior Prom Committee, Banquet Committee, Class Play. Ambition: To forget how to blush.

*Bob's the boy with the sunny smile.
He's happy and gay all of the while.*



MOLLY EISNER HARAWITZ, "Moll"

School: Tucker. Public Speaking Club, Class Secretary '28, Home Room Treasurer, Chairman Junior Prom Refreshment Committee, Usher June Graduation '30, Class Play, Student's Pen, Pro-Merito. Ambition: To be able to solve the deep mystery of Mr. Herberg's Mastery Problems.

*Molly is our youngest member,
She's sixteen—if I rightly remember.*

ALOUISE HARRINGTON, "Al"

School: Pontoosuc. Ambition: To be on time as often at Normal as at P. H. S.

*Here's another quiet lass,
But she can hold her own in any class.*



MARGARET HENDERSON

School: Crane. Glee Club, Senior Play.

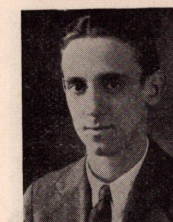
*Margaret knows her P's and Q's,
She also knows her lines and cues.*



SHELDON HERRICK, "Shell"

School: Dawes. Radio Club. Ambition: To meet the man who believes there should be no homework.

*A delightful and quiet boy is he,
May he ever successful be.*



EMMETT T. HILL, "Hillie"

School: Dawes. Class Day Committee, Chairman Class Song Committee, Public Speaking Club, Pro-Merito. Ambition: To grow.

*Emmett's name belies his height,
But in the classroom he's alright.*



BARBARA HUGHES, "Bobby"

School: Dawes. Traffic Officer, Posture Club, Glee Club, Class Play. Ambition: To own a rumble seat.

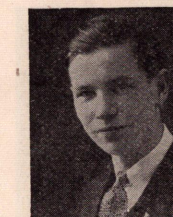
*Oh, Bobby is our cutest kid,
And on the stage see what she did.*



THOMAS M. JOYCE, "Tom"

School: Crane. President of Debating Club '29, '30, Student Council '28-'29-'30, Oratorical Contest Winner '30, Ring Committee, Class Day Committee, Class Day Speaker, Class President '29, Ambition: To Study Day and Night.

*An orator of note will be Tom Joyce,
And thousands will thrill at the sound of his voice.*





HOWARD KEELER, "Howie"

School: Pontoosuc. Pro-Merito.

*Howard's affairs should cause no alarm,
For all his chickens live on his farm.*



EVELYN KELLY, "Kel"

School: Pomeroy. Home Nursing '30, Etiquette Club.

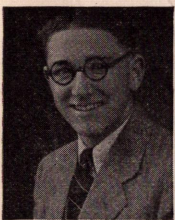
*Wherever it is fun to be
Evelyn Kelly there you'll see.*



MYRIAM BENTLEY KENT, "Pinky"

School: Mercer. Traffic Officer, Student's Pen Club, Pro-Merito.
Ambition: To write a dissertation on the charms of the feline race.

*Myriam's tall and dignified,
Against life's trials she's fortified.*



GEORGE L. KING

School: Pomeroy. Ambition: To get a laugh out of Shakespeare.

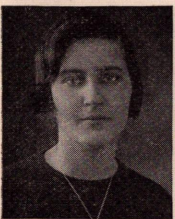
*And now for the boy with the royal name,
He may act wild but he's really quite tame.*



ELIZABETH RITA KLEIN, "Lib"

School: Tucker. Orchestra, Student's Pen Club, Posture Club.
Ambition: To go on a tobaggoning party to Mars.

*Libby is surely full of pep,
And as a musician she's earned her "rep."*



DOROTHY MARION KLOSE, "Dot"

Schools: Briggs, Tucker Junior High. Club: Glee. Traffic Officer,
Nominating Committee, Basketball, Baseball. Typewriting Certifi-
cates and Pins. Ambition: To meet him.

*D stands for Dorothy and dimples, too,
She is tall and pretty with eyes of blue.*

ANNA KORABCHUK

Schools: Pomeroy, District 6, Canaan, N. Y.

*Anna never caused a riot,
She's so very, very quiet.*



ADELE MILDRED KOSCHER, "Del"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Tucker Junior High. Club: Glee.
Baseball Numerals '28, Girls' League Basketball Team, Senior A Class
Treasurer, Typewriting Certificate and Pins, Class Ring Committee.
Ambition: To be a United States History teacher.

*A good natured girl is Adele,
And we all like her very well.*



JACK LANGDON

School: Hollywood Junior High.

*Jack is the boy who's always in style,
A real good fellow all of the while.*



IRENE LEONCINI, "Rene"

School: Plunkett. Student's Pen Club, Posture Club. Ambition: To
teach.

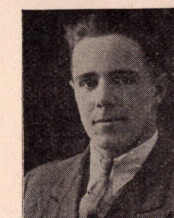
*A quiet, studious lass is Irene,
As nice a girl as we've ever seen.*



FORREST WILLIS LESSOR

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: C.M.T.C. '28, Traffic Officer,
Senior A and B Vice President, Decorating Committee for Junior Prom
'29, Chairman Class Day Committee, Would the World Go 'Round If
'31, Baseball, Football, Typewriting Awards. Ambition: To be happy.

*Quiet, good-natured, clever, and true,
We wish you success the whole life through.*

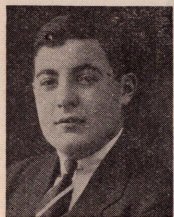


BERTHA SARAH LEVINE

School: Plunkett Junior High. Club: Handwork. Typewriting
Awards: Remington and Royal. Ambition: To go to Europe.

*Here's to a pleasant, dignified lass,
One of the quietest in our class.*

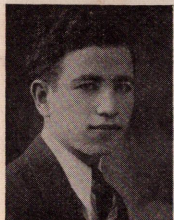




PAUL LIPSON, "Pa Baxter"

School: Tucker. Public Speaking, Debating, Orchestra, Junior A Vice President, General Chairman of Junior Prom Committees, Reception Committee, Ring Committee, Play Committee, Ticket Committee, Senior Play, Toast to Faculty, Class Day Committee. Ambition: To have a one-hour school day with 60 minutes off for lunch.

*Paul admits his opinion's weighty,
He weighs at least one hundred and eighty.*



PAUL M. LIPSON, "P.M."

School: Tucker. Debating Club. Ambition: To be recognized as Paul Lipson's twin brother.

*Paul always has much to say,
But he's a friend in every way.*



HELEN W. MAY, "Abie"

School: Mercer Junior High. Student's Pen '28, Basketball Team '28, Swimming Team '28, '29, '30, '31, Captain Swimming Team '30, '31. Ambition: To teach gold fish to race.

*A lover of books, Helen May
Librarian, she'll be, some day.*



MAY McAVOY, "Topsy"

Schools: Briggs, Bartlett Grammar, Tucker Junior High. Club: Etiquette. Ambition: To write a book entitled, "Why Girls Should Hate Men."

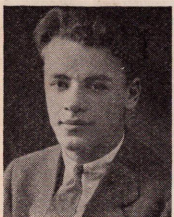
*A quiet girl is May
In our hearts, she'll always stay.*



ISABELLE McCULLOCH, "Is"

School: Pomeroy. Baseball '28, Home Room Treasurer, Chairman Junior Prom Reception Committee, Class Prophecy, Posture Club.

*Clever and business-like is our Isabelle,
She's racing toward success pell-mell.*



JAMES MCGIVERN, "Jimmie"

School: Crane. Varsity Club, Junior Prom Decorating Committee, Basketball '29, '30-'31, Senior Play. Ambition: To be a success.

*Jimmie McGivern is quite a fine actor,
In the success of our play he was a large factor.*

EDWARD O'BRIEN, "O'B"

School: Pomeroy. Posture Club. Ambition: To see someone win an argument with Miss Kaliher.

*If you hear a noise in the morn, don't think it a dream,
It's just Ed O'Brien, bringing the cream.*



VELMA O'CONNELL, "Vi"

School: Dawes. Etiquette Club. Ambition: To teach History.

*Velma to her class is true,
May she ne'er be lonesome nor blue.*



MAE O'NEIL, "Pol"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Etiquette. Ambition: To be a nurse.

*Friendly, smiling, good-natured, and kind,
This in May, you will find.*



VERA PAGE, "V"

School: Dawes. Traffic Officer, Class Day Committee, Glee Club, Public Speaking Club. Ambition: To be able to write with her left hand.

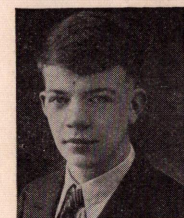
*As an elocutionist,
Vera's high upon our list.*



WILLIAM PARSONS— "Bill"

School: Dawes. Radio Club. Ambition: To get Mars on the loud speaker with one tube.

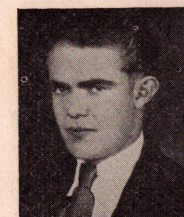
*We tell you that it's no bologna,
Bill soon will rival our friend Marconi.*



LAWRENCE PARTRIDGE, "Flash"

School: Mercer. Track '29-'30, Football '29-'30. Ambition: To be an old man.

*There is no doubt that he's a boy
To fill a lady's heart with joy.*





EDNA PEARSON, "Ed"

School: Dawes. Public Speaking Club. Ambition: To be a gym teacher.

*Edna is tall and strong of limb,
So she plans to run a gym.*



FRANCIS PELKEY, "Pelk"

School: Crane. Varsity Club, Manager of Baseball '28, '29. Ambition: To bum rides to California.

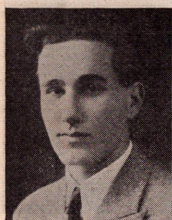
*Pelk is a very lively lad,
Sometimes he's good, sometimes bad.*



CONRAD PHILIPSON, "Connie"

School: Pomeroy. C.M.T.C., Football '29-'30. Ambition: To ask Miss Kaliher a question she cannot answer.

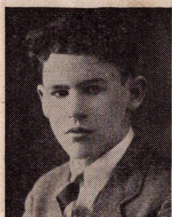
*Connie's a guard on the football team,
And with the girls he's mighty keen.*



JOHN FELIX POLITO, "Johnny"

School: Crane. Student's Pen Club, Traffic Officer, Senior Play, Public Speaking Club. Ambition: To count the railroad ties from here to San Francisco.

*Another of the famous cast
That made the name "Seventeen" last.*



FRANCIS RING, "Sam"

Schools: Pomeroy, St. Joseph's High. Posture, C.M.T.C., Student's Pen. Ambition: To test mattresses.

*Sam's the one with the curly hair,
He may be slow, but he always gets there.*



HAROLD ROLLINS, "Happy"

School: Crane. Public Speaking Club, Debating Club, Alternate on Debating Team '30, Senior B Decoration Committee, Junior Prom Refreshment Committee, Assistant Manager of Football '29, Manager of Football '30, Business and Stage Manager of Senior Play, Traffic Officer. Ambition: To be a future Einstein.

*Happy is liked by everyone,
He's hardworking and a lot of fun.*

DAVID JAMES ROSENHEIM, "Rosy"

School: Mercer. Senior Play. Ambition: To take up Forestry.

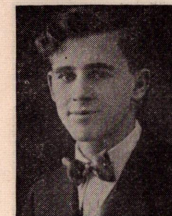
*A colored gentleman in our class?
Mr. Rosenheim, Oh, my yes.*



HENRY M. SCHACHTE

School: Dawes. Home-Room Treasurer, Senior Play, Class President '30-'31, Student Council '29-'30 '31, President of Student Council '30, Orchestra, Band, Ring Committee, Play Committee, Pro-Merito. Ambition: To own a dress suit.

*Henry is clever, no doubt about that,
When girls pass him by, he takes off his hat.*



JOSEPHINE ANN SCELSE, "Jo"

School: Tucker. Posture Club, Glee Club. Ambition: To grow up.

*Jo's one of the shortest in our class,
And really she's a smart little lass.*



JAMES SOULE, "Bus"

School: Crane. Public Speaking, Senior Play. Ambition: To be a chemist.

*As an actor, Bus is there,
And as a student, better than fair.*



HELEN B. SPIEWAK, "Queen"

School: Crane Junior High. Traffic Officer '29. Club: Glee. Type-writing Certificates and Pins. Ambition: To be a private secretary to a traveling salesman.

*Although Helen gets peevish at us once in a while,
She makes it up with a sweet, little smile.*

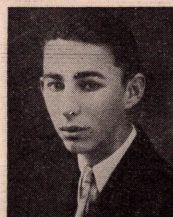


BETTY SWARTZ, "Bettina"

School: Tucker. Glee Club, Posture Club. Ambition: To rest.

*Betty's the girl who has the poise,
But she can never make much noise.*





NEIL TOLKOV, "Izz"

School: Pomeroy. Ambition: To make par with a left-handed golf ball.

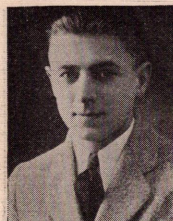
*Nei's a singer, there is no doubt,
But we prefer to hear him shout.*



HOBART TOWER, "Hob"

School: Pomeroy. C.M.T.C. Ambition: To pilot a ship on Cheshire Harbor.

*Hob is usully joyously gay,
And whüe his school time quite freely away.*



FRANCIS WILSON TRACY, "Franny"

School: Pomeroy. Ambition: To be able to enjoy Shakespeare's sense of humor.

*Francis is fair and square,
And always ready to do his share.*



WILLIAM TURNER, "Bill"

School: Pomeroy. Posture Club. Ambition: To be a garbage collector in Scotland.

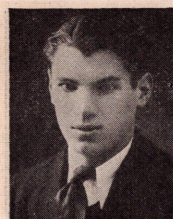
*Bill has a car that is quite a wreck,
Better watch out or he'll break his neck.*



JAMES VACCARO, "Jimmy"

School: Mercer. Football '29, Basketball '27-'28-'29, C.M.T.C., Varsity Club. Ambition: To take life easy

*Jim's a scholar, more or less,
But mostly less, we must confess.*



JOHN VACCARO

School: Tucker. Public Speaking Club. Ambition: To learn how to study.

*Maybe he's reserved and shy,
But in our opinion he's held very high.*

WILSON VOLIN, "Nick"

School: Pomeroy. C.M.T.C., Radio Club. Ambition: To get to school on time.

*Perhaps Nick would come on time,
If they started school at nine.*



ALEXANDER VOMVILAS, "Al"

School: Tucker. Ambition: To croon as well as Rudy Vallee.

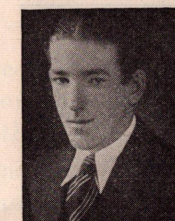
*Alec's the boy with the silvery voice,
Of all the crooners, he's our choice.*



HUBERT P. WALDRON, "Hube"

School: Crane.

*We must be right, we can't be wrong
Hube will be a golfer before long.*



ORA WEED, "Totsie"

School: Pontoosuc. Club: Glee. Traffic Officer, Typewriting Certificates and Pins. Ambition: To be an artist.

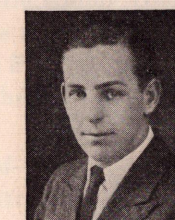
*Ora Weed, a quiet girl,
Her ability in art has been unfurled.*



DONALD H. WELTON, "Don"

School: Dawes. Student's Pen Club, Junior Prom Decorating Committee.

*Don is shy and very quiet,
But, once started, he could lead a riot.*



ELSA WELZ, "Patty"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Tucker Junior High. Club: Etiquette '28. Typewriting Certificate. Ambition: To be another Winnie Lightner.

*A quiet, cheery girl is she,
Ever happy may she be.*





ELIZABETH B. WHITE, "Beth"

School: Plunkett. Glee Club, Posture Club. Ambition: To be a nurse.

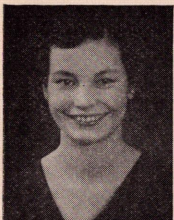
*Elizabeth is rather shy,
But can she sew! Oh my, Oh my.*



ELIZABETH WHITNEY

School: Dawes. Public Speaking Club '28, Nominating Committee, Pro-Merito, Senior Play, Who's Who Committee, Traffic Officer. Ambition: To invent a new joke about the old high school.

*Betty is bright and lovable, it's a fact,
But that's not saying how she can act.*



CATHERINE WILKINSON, "Cath"

School: Crane. Etiquette Club, Student's Pen Club. Ambition: To have a sea-going studio and travel the seven seas.

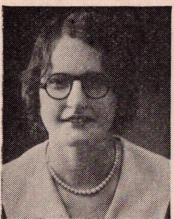
*Kay—of course you know it—
Is our very bestest poet.*



MARY FRANCIS YANNIE, "Little Mary"

School: Tucker. Glee Club, Posture Club. Ambition: To be able to sit and look at a nickel until the buffalo rubs off.

*Mary is a lovable miss,
She keeps her friends in state of bliss.*



MARGARET A. ZAUCHE, "Marge"

Schools: Hibbard Grammar, Dawes Junior High. Club: Etiquette. Typewriting Certificates and Pins. Ambition: To be a good judge of men.

*One of the prettiest in the class
Is full of fun and a happy lass.*

Gemma F. Duri
Mildred L. Fiddaman



The Book Lover's Corner (For Sophisticated Freshmen) Little Red Riding Hood

One often wonders why the authors of these ancient masterpieces have all neglected to sign their names to their obviously painful efforts. After reading a few of them, one knows. It was too dangerous.

Glance at the title of the story—"Little Red Riding Hood." Are you not struck by its peculiarity? If you are, turn the other cheek and count ten before striking back. (N.B. If you can't count as far as ten, count up to five twice. If the peculiarity is bigger than you are, count up to three or four thousand.)

Mere mention of the title recalls to mind the famous scenes of racetrack classics—Kentucky, Belmont, Saratoga, the Great Barrington Fair Grounds, and the various milk routes of the city.

A storm of criticism has arisen over the name of the story. Why should the narrative be called Red Riding Hood when it has nothing to do with riding? There isn't even a horse in it. (It might be interesting to note that this type of argument is known as combat de hors.) Twombly McWheever, the mouse in Room 9, believes that he has arrived at a correct solution of the problem. Mr. McWheever's explanation is as follows:

"It is merely a result of that much-to-be-regretted practice of writing for so much per word. To illustrate, let us say that the creator of Little Riding Hood received twenty-five cents for each word. By giving the heroine a name of four words, he earned a dollar every time he mentioned her; whereas if her name had contained but one word, such as Mary, he would have received the paltry sum of twenty-five cents."

And so we see that in reply to the immortal bard's query of—"What's in a name?", we have the answer. There was seventy-five cents extra in it for the author of Red Riding Hood.

Selma Seaweed, winner of the Hazelwood Prize Essay contest for a two cent stamp, (cancelled), offers the following comment:

"I think it's just too cute—so vivid and unique, don't you know. I think it's outstanding in its field.—The cover, I mean."

In closing I should like to say just a word about the story. Terrible.

James Donna

Uncle Jimmie's Directory of Famous Educators
Mr. Joseph Nugent

Domain—Room 12.
 Subject—Bookkeeping.

Great Accomplishment—Has not yet blown a fuse on the electric adding machine. (The fact that he never uses it may have something to do with it.)

Famous Saying—Out!

Second Ditto—Try not to choke on that candy.

Present Pastime—Giving study pupils problems to work out.

Mr. George M. Innis

Domain—Room 10.

Subject—French.

Great Accomplishment—Can speak French fluently. (Even after teaching it.)

Famous Saying—Noblesse Oblige.

Second Ditto—Never be a school teacher. (There isn't any money in it.)

Present Pastime—Finding enough books to satisfy eager French students.

Adam fell for an apple. And ever since, men have been falling for applesauce.

* * * *

He: "When my father works, everybody sits open-mouthed."

She: "What is he?"

He: "He's a dentist."

* * * *

Dr. Russell: "Now what's the matter?"

Partridge: "I washed a dirty piece of ice in some hot water and now I can't find it."

* * * *

Flaherty: "See the wooden additions to the stage; I made them from my own head."

Rollins: "Yeah, and I see you have some lumber left over."

* * * *

"He says that his fraternity always regarded him as a valuable member."

"Yes, they offered a reward for him when he left with the treasury funds."

* * * *

Mr. Goodwin: "Decline a feminine."

Hickey: "Oh, I never decline a lady."

* * * *

Mr. Innis (in middle of a joke): "Have I ever told the class this one before?"

1A Class (in a chorus): "Yes."

Mr. Innis: "Good, you will probably understand it this time."

* * * *

The freshman approached the desk and boldly inquired of the sweet young thing behind it.

"Do you have anything on Milton?"

"I'm sorry, young man, but I've never been out with the gentleman."

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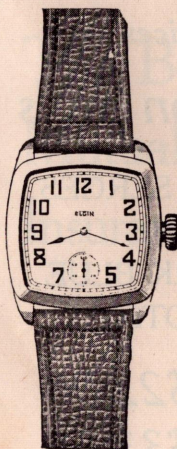
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